British Packet

AND

ARGENTINE NEWS.

N°. 712.] BUENOS AYRES, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1840. [Vol. XIV.

BUENOS AYRES.

The *Gaceta* of Monday last, contains copies of intercepted letters from Señor Pedro Ferré to Colonel Francisco Reinafé, I. Portela to Señor Juan Lavalle, Felix Olazabal to Colonel Francisco Reinafé, F. Velasco to Colonel Francisco Reinafé, Fructuoso Rivera to Mariano Vera, and the following—

To Don Mariano Vera.

Yaguari, February 3, 1840.

My dear friend,

I have received your letter. The bearer of this Don Domingo Aldao, will deliver to you twelve doubloons. In our poverty it is all that I can send you.

You must yet wait, and I will send over the horses and the men. I am afraid this enterprise will be unfortunate, from not biding the opportunity.

The French squadron is in the Guazú, it waits there my orders. Señor Carril left yesterday with instructions for the officer in command of this naval division. It is possible that contrary winds may prevent the speedy occupation of this river; notwithstanding it ought to proceed up the instant Señor Carril arrives. I repeat to you that without the occupation of this river your operations will be full of risk. I therefore advise you to await an interval to insure an enterprize, which may be of vital importance.

I have read your proclamation, and think it to the purpose.

Ever your friend,

Juan Lavallé.

From the above it would appear that Señor Lavalle had forebodings of the ill success which has attended the expedition to the Province of Santa Fé.

The letter from Señor Ferré to Col. F. Reinafé, is dated Goya 6th ult, and states that it being an object to the cause of Liberty, that the government of Corrientes should aid in the destruction of the tyrants of the Republic, he wishes the Colonel to proceed with the expedition under the orders of Colonel Mariano Vera, to manœuvre on Santa Fe. And that Col. F. Reinafé being a native of Cordova, and having many friends there, decided patriots and lovers of liberty, might open a communication with them in order to throw off the ominous yoke which oppresses and disgraces the country.—He (Señor Ferré) therefore authorises the Colonel on the part of Corrientes, to establish the understanding he may deem convenient to extricate Cordova from its present state of ignominous slavery.

The other intercepted letters contain nothing of moment, except that their writers tacitly acknowledge that 'discord reigns in their camp.'

Extract of a letter from Santa Fé, dated 28th ult.

"The expedition fitted out at Corrientes, with intent to create a revolution in this Province, landed (of course with French assistance,) and advanced to within sixteen leagues of the city of Santa Fé. The invaders consisted of six hundred men, with a vast proportion of officers, but in this calculation there were only 200 whites or 'christians,' the remaining 400 consisted of Tobas Indians, who dwell in the Grand Chaco, opposite Corrientes, and are mentioned as a tribe (if I recollect aright) in Robertson's work on these countries.

"The news of this invasion could not but cause considerable sensation here, but simultaneous with the intelligence and at a most important moment, there arrived in this Capital (Santa Fé) a detachment of troops from Buenos Ayres, under the orders of Colonel Delgado and Lieut. Colonel John B. Thorne, the former were quartered at the Custom-House and the latter at the Artillery Park. This opportune arrival gave confidence to the well disposed, overawed the disaffected, and by assuring the tranquillity of the city, enabled Governor Lopez to march with all his force against the invaders.

"On the afternoon of the 27th, arrived a despatch from Governor Lopez, by which it was learnt, that he had gained a complete victory over the invading force, at Cayasta, killing its leader, Colonel Mariano Vera, and a number of other officers, including Colonels Francisco Reinafé, Gongora, José Pino, Major Bermudez, &c. &c. Those who escaped the sword and lance, or were not made prisoners, hastily fled and were as hastily pursued to the water side; the fugitives threw themselves into the river, and were in major part drowned. The loss on the part of Governor Lopez was little or nothing.

"When his despatch arrived at Santa Fé, a salute of cannon was fired, the friends of the government were joyful, its opponents glum, and thealarmists (for there are those in all countries,) vociferated "who's afraid," I mean its equivalent in Spanish. The Buenos Ayres detachment of troops, with drums and trumpets traversed the streets, accompanied by a great concourse of people, and all these doings were in the midst of *vivas*, bell-ringing, musquet firing, discharges of rockets, &c. &c. In fact these proceedings continued until 2 o'clock this morning, when the rejoicers in greater part retired to their homes. The drums beat *diana's* during the evening by way of serenade in front of two or three houses stated to be occupied by individuals inimical to the authority.

"We are in daily expectation of hearing of a battle between the armies of Generals Echague and Lavalle. The latter was on the river Gnalcguay, and sent out as we hear a strong skirmishing division on the 26th, which was met and defeated by that of General Servando Gomez."

The General in Chief of the United Army of Operations of the Argentine Confederation, to the troops under his command.

Valiant Warriors:—You are aware that the assassin Lavalle, with a group of anarchist traitors, again profane the soil of Entre-Rios, with intent to renew here the scenes of blood in which he has figured for the last twelve years, to the disgrace of the Republic and to the scandal of the world. He is accompanied in this criminal enterprise by deserters from the sacred national cause of Independence, and the infamous agents of a foreign power; the apostates from Federation; the fugitives of the Puente de Marquez, Rodeo de Chacon, Ciudadela de Tucuman, Arroyo del Clé, Pago Largo and Chascomus. Behold the elements intended to curb your noble pride! These insolent unitarians whom you have so many times confounded, will doubtless receive the chastisement of their temerity, and you will have the satisfaction of putting them down for ever. A triumph so brilliant will restrain anarchy, bring peace to the Republic, hasten the restoration of constitutional order to a neighbouring and friendly State, and cause the unjust blockade which the country suffers to cease.

Orientals! Porteños! Entrerianos!—One same cause, one same interest unite us: uniform decision and enthusiasm burn in your hearts: I recommend to you subordination and discipline, in order to crown you with glory, restore you to your homes and gain for you the thanks of the country.

Head quarters in march on the odious unitarian Lavalle, 28th March, 1840.

Pascual Echague.

Abdication of Pedro I., Emperor of Brazil, and accession of his son Pedro II.

Tuesday last, 7th inst., was the anniversary of the above event, upon which occasion, at sun-rise, the Brazilian schooner of war Liebre, and French corvettes Alcmene and Triomphant, appeared dressed out with flags, (that of Brazil being conspicuously placed,) and each of these vessels fired simultaneously a salute of 21 guns. These salutes were repeated by said vessels at 1 o'clock and at sun-set. H. B. M's ship Actæon, and United States ship Marion, also honoured the day by displaying the Brazilian flag at their fore, and each firing a salute of 21 guns at 1 o'clock. Thus at that hour the 5 men of war in the outer roads conjointly fired 105 guns, which had an imposing effect on shore, the wind being at the time a gentle breeze from the N. E.

During the day music serenaded in front of the hotel in which resided various officers of the Liebre.

The next Packet will doubtless bring interesting intelligence from Europe—from our own country the proceedings in Parliament, (which was to meet on the 16th January,) the marriage of the Queen, the fate of Mr. Frost and other of the Chartist leaders, who it is said have been found guilty and ordered for execution:—from the Continent we shall have news of the proceedings in the Algerine territory, ycleped by our neighbours "French Africa," the doings in Spain, &c. &c.

The Weather has been changeable this week. Thermometer 64 to 73, with strong easterly breezes almost every night. Fine weather for blockade breakers.

Official Documents.

¡VIVA LA FEDERACION!

Buenos Ayres, April 1st, 1840.
31st year of the Liberty, 25th of the Independence,
And 11th of the Argentine Confederation.

In conformity with the proposition of the Commission empowered to present a project of regulations specifying the duties of the department for the defence of the Poor and of Minors, and after hearing the report of the Court of Appeals and the State Fiscal, the government has ordered and decreed—

Here follows the decree under the following heads.

1.—De la Defensuria General.

2.—De la Defensuria de Menores.

3.—De la Defensuria de Pobres.

4.—Defensuria de Esclavos y Libertos.

Notice from the Police Office.

The public is informed that the decree of 25th August 1831, imposing a fine of 20 dollars upon all persons who gallop their horses in the streets, (except on public service,) within the distance of ten squares from the Plaza de la Victoria in all directions, is still in force; and in default payment the parties will be subjected to four days imprisonment.

VICTORICA.

Buenos Ayres, January 21, 1840.

The following has been handed t · us as the *true copy* of a letter addressed to a young female at Ballasalla, Isle of Man. The name of the *lady* and her lover we decline inserting.

This comes with my Duty to you & hoping that thiss few lines will find you in good health as I am at present, Thanks be given to God for it, & likewise to let you know I am very sorrowful because of your Letter, because you did not believe my Letter, tho' it was as true as ever one was made of that kind; but some of your Letter Comfort me a little, & other parts of it made the Tears trincle down my cheeks like Rain of the Top of a House, because you told me in your Letter that you was in Love with another. When I read these words it made me faint, O God! the Dart that my Heart felt at that time, it was pain enough to kill a Horse, but taking Courage I write this Letter to see if you would fall in Cubits Net, which I wish to god you would, & fell such smart as I fell now at present. O my very heart doth ake with that Cursed pain of Love, & I hope you will be so kind as to send me answer, for this is the last Letter I will send to trouble you, for you will be at my buring one of these Days, but you talk of trugh, God may bless me if I dont tell trugh, I am as true as ever Soul in the Earth, but am too bashful to speak to you with my Mouth, but I hope this will do almost as well, but not so good; but let me lost the youse of my right Hand & never write again if I do not tell trugh, & I pray you send me answer as soon as you can, for I am not able to bear this burning flame, for it is as bad as if one wass in hell, so take pitty before the Time it will be too late, for I will but an End to my Life some way or another, so no more at present from your loving Friend the absent,

A. B.

I could write more but cannot see for crying, but God turn your Heart, O the Pain, the Pain, there is a lump in my Breast as big as a Sod the people put in a Hedge.

Further extracts from the Quarterly Review on Belma's Sieges of the Peninsula.

M. Belmas gives no *pièces justificatives* concerning the battle of Albnera (17th May, 1811); but it is to his credit that his narrative presents a tolerably fair account of the action, which, from the official pen of an enemy, is worth abstracting. He says:—

'The main attack was on the right of the allies, where the English were posted, while General Godinot was to make a diversion on the left. General Girard advanced with the first French corps to attack the English right, while four regiments of cavalry, hussars, and lancers, took it in flank by a brilliant charge; the first line of the English yielded to these vigorous efforts, but soon rallied, and, returning *en potence*, directed a most effective fire (des mieux nourris) on Girard's column, which soon suffered enormous losses, and was forced to retire. The second division, under General Danican, immediately advanced, like the first, in close column; but it suffered the same difficulty in deploying under the enemy's fire. It struggled for a while, revolving in confusion on itself (*en tourbillonnant sur elle-même*), but at last entirely disbanded itself in the most frightful disorder (*se débanda dans le plus affreux désordre*).—The reserve, under General Werte, hastened up to protect the retreat, but could not retrieve the victory. It, in its turn, was carried away in the flight of the others (entraîné par les fuyards). The artillery, which amounted to *from thirty to forty* pieces, sustained for two hours the efforts of the English. Its fire was dreadful, and it, supported by the cavalry, saved the army. So ended one of the bloodiest battles of the Spanish war.'

A late article of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, says that—' after all that has been said about it—the plain truth is, we (the French) *lost the battle*, but lost it with honour.'

Before we conclude, we must add one or two important observations suggested by these papers—which, besides the light they throw on the conduct of the Peninsular war, afford an answer to a question which has been often asked, and never, that we know of, quite satisfactorily explained; namely, how it was that *all* Buonaparte's marshals abandoned him so suddenly, so readily, and apparently so ungratefully. It has been usually accounted for by their having grown old and rich, and being anxious to *realise*, as it were, and secure their prodigious but precarious prosperity; and this had no doubt a great immediate effect; but these papers show, we think, a powerful predisposing cause. There seems to have been not one of these haughty marshals whom he did not, at every turn of his temper, treat with an insolence and injustice which would have offended even the most patient man, but which must have been peculiarly and almost intolerably revolting to these *parvenu* soldiers of fortune, proud, presumptuous and peppery—many of whom had been his superiors—all his equals; and who exactly in the proportion in which they were inclined to domineer over others, would be alienated and exasperated by such affronts to their own vanity and *amour propre*.—Yet Buonaparte was afraid of them, or rather of the army of which they were representatives—he would offend individuals, but he never ventured on any step that they might feel as a body. He never ventured to establish, and still less to enforce, any clear idea of military subordination amongst the marshals, and seemed rather pleased to see that those who obeyed him would obey nobody else. But with what recollections of affronts and offences he must have stored all their minds! We see even in the few documents which M. Belmas has brought to light—in so narrow a space, and so short a period of Buonaparte's domination, what extensive dissatisfaction must have existed. We see that every one in succession, Soult, Massena, Ney, Bessières, Marmont, Augerau, Jourdan, Victor, Suchet, Dorsenne, Gouvion St. Cyr, were either censured or superseded; and that those who were not spontaneously recalled, successively tendered their resignations. What would be the picture if the whole of this class of transactions could be known? It is already clear that Buonaparte literally *treated them like dogs*—he gave them fine names—fed them—occasionally caressed them—trained them to hunt down the game—and rewarded them with a share of the spoils;—but he made little scruple of whipping and kicking them when anything went wrong. We believe that even dogs may be disheartened by rough usage—but, sure we are, that the leading hounds of the pack of this military Nimrod may be excused if they were not sorry at seeing him get such a fall as should disable him from ever using the whip again.

The Quarterly of December, also contains an article on

Mémoires d'un Touriste; par l'Auteur de Rouge et Noir. Paris, 1839.

which commences thus—

We have read these volumes with lively interest: much amusement is to be found in them; not a little of valuable information: the observations, reflections, jokes, and sarcasms, of a clever man—a very favourable specimen of the *libéral* of the present time; noted down from day to day, as he repeatedly asserts, in the course of journeys undertaken for professional purposes, through several of the finest, and one or two of the obscurest, provinces of France. The book is undoubtedly one of the ablest that the Parisian press has lately produced; and we are inclined to believe that it offers better materials for an estimate of the actual social condition of the France of Louis Philippe than could be gathered from a score of works holding forth graver pretensions.

We understand it is generally ascribed to the pen of M. Beyle, who, in former days, was pretty well known under the *nomme de plume* of M. Stendhal.

The Quarterly's extracts from this work are numerous, and it winds up its remarks as follows—

We are bound to confess our very reluctant conviction that France must pass, within no distant period, through the severest ordeal that ever any national system underwent. We, even if we had no authority to lean on but that of this very able tourist himself, could not but perceive that there is still a very powerful Buonapartist party; that it includes a considerable portion of the upper classes, not a few, indeed, of the most influential names; a portion yet more considerable of the mercantile and moneyed interest, both in Paris and the provinces; the heart and spirit, to an extent more formidable still, of the enormous army; and the inflammable imagination of the vast body of young men born to little fortune, and educated in the principles of the ante-Constantine epoch, whose heads have been turned, as M. Beyle says, 'for fifty years to come,' by what they must hear and read about 'a certain lieutenant of artillery and his *entourage*.' We extremely doubt whether this party could, under promising circumstances, resist ultra-democratical temptations. We also perceive, even from M. Beyle alone, the deep root which the cause of the elder Bourbons has in France, and the all but certainty that this influence must, ere long, produce itself openly on the scene of political action; and we have only to read the *Gazette de France*, and remember the audacious pranks of our own Bolingbrokes, in order to dispel every doubt of the possibility of exiled monarchy trying to convert impatient democracy into the instrument of its ambition. There remains the unmeasured force of pure aepublicanism. The only intellectnal influences sure to be on the side of general conservatism seem likely to be, day after day, more unfavourable to the pretesions of the existing dynasty. We are, in short, of opinion that the death, come when it may, of Louis Philippe, will mark a more doubtful crisis than has ever yet been encountered by France, and, through her, by modern European property and civilization. The cool, dexterous, astute 'roi, homme supérieur,' in spite of all his admirable talents and imperturbable courage, has never been able to excite the remotest shadow of anything like personal feeling, enthusiasm, loyalty, for himself: he rests upon nothing but qualities which no human being can be sure of transmitting; and the incessant attempts upon his life prove nothing so clearly as the universal conviction of the nullity of his majesty's sons.

Among all their innumerable and irreconcileable feuds and spleens, the French of all parties seem to have one point of agreement—hatred of England; and though he disclaims it bravely, it is transparent that the Tourist is no exception to the rule. After one of his most energetic preachments about the unrivalled genius of Napoleon, he passes into an ingenious, as well as ingenuous exposition of the incompatibility of his keeping possession of the throne with any such advances as have been made of late years in civil freedom, and exclaims, in conclusion, 'Vive la bataille de Waterloo!' Yet he is much pleased with certain mysterious revelations confided to him by a English Whig—'un charmant officer Anglais,' he says,—'que rit quelquefois, c'est le nommer;' and though it is far from true that only one charming Whig colonel has fine teeth, we rather think we *could* name the gentleman. What especially delights M. Beyle is the communication by this frank colonel of some details, 'not fit to be published before 1850,' which tend to account for the seemingly inexplicable 'resolution' manifested on the 18th June, 1815, by the 'très prudent Duc de Wellington.' What this portentous secret may be, we do not pretend to divine; but, in the mean while, we must be contented with drawing our own conclusions from M. Beyle's own commentary upon a scene which he witnessed on board a French steam-boat. He describes the tumult of disobedience and disorder consequent on an alarm of fire in the vessel—their hair-breadth escape—and—after some rather indignant remarks on the contrast between Frenchmen in the moment of active assault, and Frenchmen called to stand firm under difficulty and disaster—he winds up as follows:—

'It does not appear that the French ever beat the English in a battle *on land* but once, and then we had a German (the Maréchal de Saxe) for our general.'

Does he mean to insinuate that they ever beat us in a *battle* at sea?

Our extracts from the London Quarterly Review of December last, have been very dif-

fuse this week; we cannot, however, forbear noticing another of its articles, called *The Printer*, which commences thus—

'*And noo, ma freends*,'—some fifty years ago, said an old Highland preacher, suddenly lowering a voice which for nearly an hour had been giving fervid utterance to a series of supplications for the welfare, temporal as well as spiritual of his flock—'*And noo, ma freends*,'—the good man repeated, as, wiping his bedewed brow, he looked down upon a congregation who with outstretched chins sat listening in respectful astonishment to this new proof that their pastor's subject, unlike his body, was still unexhausted, '*And noo, ma freends*,'—he once more exclaimed, with a look of parental benevolence it would be utterly impossible to describe—'*Let us praigh for the puir Deil!—There's naebody praighs for the puir Deil!*'

To our literary congregation, we beg leave to repeat very nearly the same two exclamations, for, deeply as we all stand indebted to the British press, it may truly be said 'There's naebody thinks of its puir deils,' nor of the many kindred spirits, 'black, white, and grey,' who, above ground as well as below, inhabit the great printing-houses of the land we live in.—We shall, therefore, at once proceed to one of these establishments, and by our sovereign power summon its motley inmates before us, that they might rapidly glide before our readers in *review*.

In a raw December morning, just before the gas lights are extinguished, and just before sun rise, the streets of London form a twilight picture which it is interesting to contemplate, inasmuch as there exists perhaps no moment in the twenty four hours in which they present a more guiltless aspect; for at this hour luxury has retired to such rest as belongs to it—vice has not yet risen. Although the rows of houses are still in shade, and although their stacks of chimneys appear fantastically delineated upon the grey sky, yet the picture, chiaro-oscuro, is not altogether without its lights. The wet streets, in whatever direction they radiate, shine almost as brightly as the gilt printing over the barred shops. At the corners of the streets, the gin-palaces, as they are passed, appear splendidly illuminated with gas, showing an elevated row of lettered and numbered yellow casks, which in daylight stand on their ends unnoticed. The fashionable streets are all completely deserted, save by a solitary policeman, who, distinguished by his warm great coat and shining belt, is seen standing at a crossing drinking the cup of hot salop or coffee he has just purchased of an old barrow-woman, who, with her smoking kettle, is quietly seated at his side, while the cab and hackney-coach horses, with their heads drooping, appear as motionless as the brass charger at Charing-Cross.

An Irish labourer with an empty hod over his shoulder, a man carrying a saw, a tradesman with his white apron tucked up for walking, a few men, 'far and wide between,' in fustian jackets, with their hands in their pockets to keep them warm, are the only perceptible atoms of an enormous mass of a million and a half of people—all the rest being as completely buried from view as if they were lying in their graves.

The Order of the Bath.

Among the orders of knighthood established in England, one of the most ancient is that of the Bath, which is supposed to have derived its name from the ancient custom of bathing previous to the ceremony of installation. As to the precise date when this order of knighthood was established no evidence now remains; but the first mention of in English history occurs in the year 1399, when Knights of the Bath are said to have assisted at the coronation of Henry IV. Froissart says, "The Saturday before his coronation he departed from Westminster, and rode to the Tower of London, with a great number; and that night all such esquires as should be made knights the next day, watched, who were to the number of 46. Every esquire had his own bagne (bath) by himself; and the next day the Duke of Lancaster made them all knights, at the mass-time. They had long coats with straight sleeves, furred with mynever, like prelates, with white laces hanging on their shoulders." The purpose of bathing previous to the act of installation seems to have been, "to signify that such as were admitted to this degree should be of a pure mind and honest intentions,—be willing to contend with any dangers or difficulties in the cause of virtue,—take care, both in their words and actions, to follow the maxims of prudence,—and on all occasions religiously observe the motto of the order, *Tria juncta in uno*, which implied a true belief in the Trinity."

APPALLING CALAMITY.

Steam-boat Lexington destryed by fire, and nearly two hundred lives lost!!

The Lexington left New York for Stonington on 13th January last, at 3 o'clock, P.M., having, it is believed, about one hundred and fifty passengers. A large quantity of cotton was placed upon her decks. At 7 o'clock, when about two miles from Eaton's Neck, the cotton took fire near the smoke pipe.

The boat was headed for the shore as soon as the effect to extinguish the fire proved unsuccessful. She was provided with three boats—yet such was the panic which took possession of all minds, that they were hoisted out while the boat was still under headway and immediately swamped. The engine a few minutes after gave way, leaving her utterly unmanageable. The scene which then ensued, is described as appalling.

Captain Chester Hilliard, of Norwich, a passenger on board from whom we have gathered these few particulars, states that soon after the engine stopped, the passengers began to leave the boat on boxes, bales, &c. In company with one of the Firemen he was so fortunate as to secure a cotton bale, to which he lashed himself. He remained upon this bale, the wind blowing off Long Island shore, until 11 o'clock this morning, when he was taken up by the sloop Merchant, of Southport.

His companion in the meantime had been released by death from his sufferings. Two others were taken up by the sloop, a fireman and the pilot of the boat. Both were nearly insensible. It is surprising that any should have survived the exposure. There is too much reason to fear that these three are the only survivors. It is however possible that others may have been saved.

The Boat drifted up the sound with the tide, and was off this harbour about midnight.—Capt. H. states that she sank at three o'clock, as he marked the time by his watch.

The efforts which last night were made, in this vicinity and at Southport, to go in aid of the sufferers, proved, owing to the ice in the harbours, and to other untoward circumstances, entirely unavailing.

We learn that a boat which succeeded in getting out of Southport harbour, after reaching the middle of the Sound was compelled to return.

The account which we have given of this awful catastrophe, is exceedingly imperfect.—It may be well imagined that our informant is hardly in a situation to furnish many details.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

The editors of the Journal of Commerce have been favoured with the following letter from Capt. Brooks, of the Steamer Nimrod, dated,

STEAMER NIMROD,
January 15, 1840.

I have seen Capt. Chester Hillard, one of the survivors, from the destruction of the steamer Lexington on Monday night last by fire, and from him gather the following particulars:—The boat left New York at 3 o'clock—he thinks with about 150 passengers and full freight.

About half past 7 in the evening, heard the cry of fire, he ran on deck, and saw the fire bursting through the wood works round the chimney. All was confusion and terror in a moment. He ran up to the wheel to advise running for the shore, which Capt. Childs informed him they were doing, he being up at the wheel. He then ran down on the deck.

An attempt had been made to rig the fire engine on board but did not succeed. They rushed for the boats, and jumped in, to the number he thinks of 20 in each, and lowered them down, while the boat was under full head way, and they were filled immediately, and he is of opinion that not one of them escaped.

The life boat was thrown over, but caught the water wheel, and was lost. He saw several floating with life preservers, but Capt. H. thinks none survived until morning. He advised to tumbling over the cotton bales, and assisted, he thinks, in getting over 10 or 12, and lashed himself to one.

When the steamboat stopped, which she did from some cause to him unknown, a man by the name of Cox, employed on board, got on with him about 8 o'cloch, and the braces under the guards were full of persons, having gained that position as the last resort.

Boston Notion.

A young lady was asked the other day, which party she was in favor of, and replied, that she preferred a wedding party.

Whetting a Razor.

A young fop, who had just began to shave for a beard, stepped into a barber's shop, and after a grand swagger, desired to be shaved.—The barber went through the usual movement, and the young sprig jumped up with a flourish, exclaiming, "Maw foine fellow, what's your chawge?" "Oh, no charge," was the reply. "No chawge! how's that?" "Why we are always thankful when we can get soft calf skin to whet our razors on."

Criterion of Talent.

A street sweeper, the other day, hearing some praises bestowed on the clean state of one of the crossings at which a brother of the same craft officiated, somewhat petulantly observed, "Well, now, I don't think him any such great shakes, after all. He can get through common straight forward jobs well enough, but it is'nt that that tells a man's abilities. Just put him to a bit of fancy work; let him try to sweep round the posts, and see how he'd manage that!"

A Dutchman having recently heard rum called a spirit, asked the waiter at an inn, who had given him his grog too much reduced—"Vat de tivil for don't you put plenty of ghosts on de top of de vater?"

Advertisements.

Victoria Barraca.

HENRY HOKER, begs to inform his friends and the public, that he has taken the extensive premises situated Calle de la Victoria, No. 284, on lease for a term of years, where he intends to carry on Barraca business in all its branches, and solicits their favour and protection.

Has excellent lofts for storing grain. a4 4t

WANTED.

AN APPRENTICE to the Milinery and Dress-Making business. Apply at No. 48, Calle de Corrientes.

MERCHANT VESSELS

In the Port of Buenos Ayres, on 9th of April, 1840.

NONE.

FOREIGN VESSELS OF WAR.

FRENCH.	Corvette Alcmene, 26 guns, with Commodore's broad pendant.
	Corvette Triomphant, 24 guns, Captain Penaud.
BRITISH.	Ship Actæon, 26 guns, Captain Robert Russel.
AMERICAN.	Corvette Marion, 16 guns, Captain William J. Belt.
BRAZILIAN.	Schooner Liebre, 8 guns, Captain Antonio Santos.

MARINE LIST.

Port of Buenos Ayres.

April 4.—Wind N.E. hazy.

No arrivals or sailings.

April 5.—Wind E. S. E.

No arrivals or sailings.

April 6.—Wind E. strong at night.

No arrivals.

Sailed, H. B. M's brig Camelion, 10 guns, George Martin Hunter, Lieut. Commanding, for Montevideo.

April 7.—Wind N. E.

No arrivals or sailings.

April 8.—Wind N. shifted to E. in the afternoon, strong, with slight rain.

No arrivals or sailings.

April 9.—Wind E. hazy, rain from 3 A. M. until mid-day.

No arrivals or sailings.

April 10.—Wind N.

No arrivals or sailings.

Operations of the French blockading vessels.

4th inst. A French launch and a whale boat sailed to Colonia.

5th. Two French armed whale boats were cruising last night in the vicinity of point Quilmes, and returned to the outer roads this morning.

6th. Two whale boats were cruising last night, one north the other south, both returned to the outer roads this morning.

7th. Two French launches arrived from Colonia, blockaders beef boat (balandrita) arrived from Colonia or San Juan. The blockading corvettes Alcmene and Triomphant, were dressed out, and fired salutes at sun-rise, one P.M. and sun-set, in honor of the revolution which placed Don Pedro II. on the throne of Brazil.

8th. This morning a merchant whale boat pulling 10 oars, coming in from the northward, was pursued by two French whale boats, and afterwards by two of their launches (4 in all). The merchant whale boat ran aground on the coast beyond the Recoleta. At 9 A. M. some guns of the Marine Artillery arrived, and opened fire on the pursuers, upon which the latter retired, on a signal being made for that purpose by the Alcmene (Commodore's ship). The Marine Artillery fired about 20 guns, without we believe doing any damage, the French did not return the fire. The whale boat afterwards came to the mole without molestation. Beef boat sailed to the northward. A French launch accompanied by a prize whale boat, arrived from the eastward.

9th. A launch sailed to the northward.

10th. The French schooner of war Firmeza hove in sight from the eastward at day break. Two French launches left the outer roads and proceeded towards her, probably conceiving her to be a merchant craft, it being nearly a calm at the time. The boats returned and the Firmeza got to the outer roads during the day after anchoring once. The Alcmene ran up a signal to her fore and fired a gun at half past 6 A.M., as a signal to three of the blockaders boats, (a launch and two whale boats,) which were to the northward, and had been cruising in that direction during the last night, to return to outer roads, which was accordingly effected. A French launch arrived from Martin Garcia, and a cutter of war from the eastward.

This day (11th inst.) completes the 746th day of the blockade.

We have perused the despatch addressed by the Governor of Santa Fé, Don Juan Pablo Lopez, to the Deputy Governor Don José Ramon Mendez, on the affair at Cayastá. It is dated Rincon de San José 30th ult. Governor Lopez states that on the part of his opponents there fell on the field of battle Colonels Mariano Vera, Francisco Reinafé, Brevet Colonel Eusebio Gongora, Lieut. Col. Francisco Aguilar, Major Mariano Bermudez, Captains Mariano Pizarro and N. Alvarado, the Secretary to the expedition José Pino, and 45 soldiers, besides those who perished in the river. The prisoners amount to 29, amongst them are Majors Domingo Uriarte, Atanacio Aldao and Lieut. Lucas Luna.

Living in London and Paris.

A man of limited income, say 1,000*l.* a year, or under, will find that his accounts, at the end of the twelve months, are much the same, in London and Paris. When he gets beyond that sum he cuts a figure—*quasi* a figure—at much smaller expense. The man of 3,000*l.* a year being nobody here, and having it in his power to be somebody there. But this is done by not attempting what is voted necessary in London. Nobody gives dinners on anything of an expensive scale—and soirees cost nothing. There are no Newmarkets—no clubs—no country seats—no hunting-boxes—none of the thousand and one ways of getting rid of money we have invented for relieving us of this superfluous metal. If we could persuade ourselves that living in London as they do in Paris was the thing, we should find it could be done as easily here as there, but that cannot be.

In the same way in travelling—a boy gets to Paris, and is much astonished to find that he can drink wine—actual wine—for a franc a bottle—that champagne under a dozen names, all astonishing to him, can sparkle in his glass from three to eight. Then the fine words—sauté—piqué—aux truffes—salmi—bavaroise—mayonnaise—bechamel—which stare at him in the *carte*, at prices so very moderate, the highest not more than four or five francs, astonish him—and he thinks with indignation on the guinea dinners of England, where he had only beef, and mutton, and soup, and fish, and fowl, and port, and sherry—all plain plebeian things, with the most common-place of names. Here again, live as they do in Paris, and you will find it cheaper here. Give up the joint and take to the chop—forswear thick potations, and swear by Charles Wright, and the difference will be apparent. In point of fact, you pay enormously for the scraps you get in France—a pennyworth of cookery costs you ten pence. But then to be sure, as a hairdresser once said, when his customer thought he charged rather too much—"But then, sir, consider the science."

London Mag.

SWIFTIANA.

One argument to prove that the common relations of ghosts and spectres are generally false, may be drawn from the opinion held, that spirits are never seen by more than one person at a time; that is to say, it seldom happens to above one person in a company to be possessed with any high degree of spleen or melancholy.

As universal a practice as lying is, and as easy a one as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good liars in all my conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning?

I forget whether advice be among the last things which Ariosto says are to be found in the moon; that and time ought to have been there.

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes on the next:—"Future ages shall talk of this; this shall be famous to all posterity:" whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now.

It is a miserable thing to live in suspense; it is the life of a spider.

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

Satire is reckoned the easiest of all wit; but I take it to be otherwise in very bad times; for it is hard to satirize well a man of distinguished vices, as to praise well a man of distinguished virtues. It is easy enough to do either to people of moderate characters.

Anthony Henly's farmer, dying of an asthma, said, "Well, if I can get this breath once out, I will take care it shall never get in again."

If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keeps his at the same time.

Apollo was held the god of physic, and sender of diseases. Both were originally the same trade, and still continue.

A pair of plagues.

Between love and gout, Sir,
What miseries men find,
For gout makes them lame, Sir,
And love makes them blind.

The remains of the late Mr. Amos Prescott, a citizen of the United States, who was shot on the 15th November last, on the banks of the river Tuyú, by order of Don Manuel Rico, chief of the revolutionists,* were brought into town on Monday last, in pursuance of an order from H. E. the Governor, at the solicitation of the widow. They were received at the *tres esquinas*, (Barracas,) by Mr. John Whitaker, the Undertaker, and conveyed to his house, where they were placed in an elegantly finished leaden coffin, which had been for some time prepared for the occasion.

Those who have seen the remains state that the bones of the lower jaw are broken, and a musquet ball had passed through the left shoulder blade. Part of the left knee was also shot away.

The friends of the late Mr. Amos Prescott, are respectfully informed, that his remains having been disinterred, are now deposited in the house of Mr. John Whitaker, Undertaker, No. 65, Calle del 25 de Mayo, from which place they will be removed to the North American Protestant Cemetery, on Monday next.

The funeral will move at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Those gentlemen who intend joining the procession, are requested to meet at the house of the Undertaker.

No circulars will be issued.

* The documents connected with this transaction, and the correspondence upon the subject between the Consuls of the United States, resident in Montevideo and in Buenos Ayres, were published in our No. 697. It will there be seen that both the said Consuls denominate the execution of Amos Prescott as a "barbarons murder." We refer our readers to the documents in question, where will be found the explanation given by Don Manuel Rico to the Consul of the United States at Montevideo.

Birth.

On the 3rd instant, aged 37 years, Mrs. Janet M'Clymont, native of Ayrshire, Scotland, and wife of Mr. William White, Jun., of this city.

Her remains were conveyed to the British Protestant Cemetery on Sunday the 5th, attended by her relations and a great number of the friends of the family, in carriages and on horseback.

PRICES CURRENT.

Doubloons, Spanish	338	a	340	dollars each
Do. Patriot	338	a	340	do. do.
Plata macuquina	19	a	20	do. for one
Dollars, Spanish	20½	a	21	do. each.
Do Patriot and Patacones	20¼	a	20¾	do. do.
Six per cent Stock	55	a		do. per ct.
Bank Shares	*none*			
Exchange on England	2¾	a	*nom*	penceperdol
Do. Rio Janeiro		a		nominal.
Do. Montevideo	20½	a	21	per patacon
Do. United States		a		perU.S.dollar
Hides, Ox, best	46	a	48	dls.p. pesada
Do. country	42	a	43	do. do.
Do. weighing 23 to 24lbs	43	a	44	do. do.
Do. salted	33	a	34	do. do.
Do. Horse	15	a	17	do. each.
Nutria Skins	5½	a	6	do. per lb.
Chinchilli Skins	65	a	70	do. per dozen
Wool, common	13	a	15	do. per arr'ba
Do. picked	30	a	32	do. do.
Sheep skins per dozen	21	a	23	per 30lb.
Calf skins per dozen	34	a	36	
Deer skins per dozen	16	a	18	
Hair, long	90	a	100	do.per arr'ba
Do. mixed	45	a	50	do. do.
Jerked Beef	24	a	25	doperquintal
Tallow, melted	17	a	19	do.per.arrb'a
Horns	250	a	450	per mil.
Flour, (North American)		a	*none*	
Salt, on board		a	none	per fan
Discount	1¼	a	1½	pr ct. pr.month

The highest price of Doubloons during the week 345 dollars. The lowest price 338 dollars.

The highest rate of Exchange upon England during the week 2¾ pence. The lowest ditto 2¾ pence. No transactions.

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GEORGE THOMAS, Responsible Editor.